



A GROUP of school boys, who were putting to good use their holidays in helping deliver the heavy Christmas mail, were busy talking in Mapleton post office when Leslie Bannister came in. There was a chorus of dismay, "What, off again? Thought we'd finished!"

"I've been asked to deliver a telegram to The Towers," said Leslie.

A couple of his companions whistled. "The Towers," they said.

"Don't forget to wish the ghost a 'Happy Christmas,' " said another.

The Towers was a big house which for some years had been unoccupied. Its neglected state had given rise to the rumour that it was haunted. But, recently, the owner, Colonel Ashton, had returned after many years abroad and, having engaged the services of his former housekeeper and her husband, was living there.

"Anybody Home?"

"Hasn't done much to cheer the place up!" said Leslie to himself, as he stood on the wide, gloomy porch. "From all appearances it might still be empty." He felt for the bell-chain and tugged it hard. Hearing no response, he pulled again. All remained quiet, unnaturally quiet it seemed to Leslie waiting in the darkness.

He was tempted to try to push the telegram under the door. At the post office he had been told that they didn't think there would be any answer to bring back. But perhaps the bell didn't work. Leslie rapped on the door with his fist, making little impression on the stout oak panels. Ah, movement at last! Someone was pulling back the bolts. When the door opened, Leslie saw, silhouetted against a light from a room along the passage, a man, tall and broad-shouldered.

"Colonel Ashton?" he asked. "Yes," came the answer in a quiet cultured voice. "What can I do for you?"

been expecting he didn't know. "I a bit to do with the Salvationists

have a telegram for you, sir." "Thank you. Step inside, will you,

while I find my glasses and see if this requires an answer."

He showed Leslie into a huge room which, in spite of costly furnishings, seemed cold and unlived in. Feeling small and insignificant, Leslie stood near the door. Colonel Ashton had apparently gone to the room at the end of the passage for his glasses, for the house had regained its stillness.

"No, this telegram doesn't require an answer," said Colonel Ashton, coming back into the room.

"A decent chap," Leslie thought. Aloud he said, "Thank you, sir. I hope you have a happy Christmas!"

Colonel Ashton smiled, rather a wry smile: "Yes, of course, tomorrow is Christmas Day, isn't it? You are booked up for plenty of parties, I expect."

"Well, sir, I'm in The Salvation Army singing company and we are carolling tonight!"

The Colonel's face brightened. "In The Salvation Army, are you! That's interesting. Do they still hold meetings in the little hall on the corner Leslie felt relieved. What he had of Eden Road? I used to have quite

at one time. Before you were born, of course!"

"Yes, I've heard my father speak of you," answered Leslie. "How you used to take the chair, and of the grand times they had when the corps garden parties were held in your grounds. He has told us how you and your wife and little girl would---".

Leslie stopped, greatly embarrassed. He had suddenly remembered that the sorrow of losing his wife and child in a motor accident had caused Colonel Ashton to change from a friendly, hospitable man into something of a recluse. "I beg your pardon, sir!" he said.

A Wise Resolve

Colonel Ashton waited a moment, then he said, "That's all right, my boy. I am glad you have spoken of those days. They were happy times. Trouble, I'm afraid, has made me selfish. In my absence the old home has fallen into a state of decay and, even lately, I have been considering selling out and going abroad again."

The Colonel stopped speaking and seemed lost in a train of thought. (Continued on page 18).

PAGE THREE



UMMY, when will it be Christmas?" "In just a few days, sweetheart."

"Will all the lights be on the Christmas tree then, Mummy?"

"Yes, darling. The tree will be lit up with coloured lights, and many of the houses, too!"

"Mummy, what makes the light?" Mrs. Brown did not have a ready answer to that question. Being a modern mother, and well-read in child psychology, she knew she should not give an evasive answer to a child's question, or duck behind an "I don't know" phrase. So she said: "Let us ask Daddy when he comes home for lunch."

Philip Brown had scarcely got inside the door when Carol asked him, "Daddy, what makes the light?"

His wife explained what they had been talking about, and of her inability to define the word. Philip, who worked for a light and power company, told his little girl about the big dynamos in the power plant -how the falling water from the melting snow on the mountains drove the turbines, which in turn spun the generators, and how an electric current was created that resulted in glowing lamps in thousands of homes. It was perhaps a little complicated for Carol to understand, but at least she had in her mind a picture of great mountains, of rushing waters, and of mighty

machines behind the shimmering lights of the beautiful Christmas trees.

A new thought was now filling Mrs. Brown's mind. There was about Christmas a certain glow-a luminosity not noticed at other times of the year. It could even be likened to indirect lighting, and she wondered about it. It so happened that The Salvation Army Captain called that afternoon with The War Cry, and Mrs. Brown repeated Carol's question of the morning. She told the Captain how it had started her thinking about this special Christmas effulgence, and also she questioned in her mind how close was the analogy between natural light and spiritual illumination.

The Captain suggested this would make a fine topic for a pre-Christmas Bible study, and Mrs. Brown readily accepted his invitation to the midweek meeting, when he promised to speak on the theme.

The officer studied hard to mas-

has dawned." These promises were fulfilled when the bright Star of the East rose over Bethlehem and God's answer to the darkness of men was a Babe in the manger."

The Captain got fairly into his theme. He continued: "I have no doubt that Jesus was a ray of sunshine in His home at Nazareth as He grew to manhood. When He began His ministry He declared Himself to be 'the Light of the world.' 'He that followeth Me, He said, shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.' The years have not dimmed His radiance. John said, 'The light shined in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it.' Man's unending wars and cruelties, waves of heresy or unbelief, the seasons of material prosperity have failed to extinguish the brilliance from Heaven. The special glow we feel at Christmas comes because it is associated with the advent of the 'Dayspring from on high.'"

BY MAJOR LAWRENCE HANSEN, Edmonton, Alta.

ter his subject and God set His seal on the delivery of the address. "God is the source of all light," he began. "The Creator's first command recorded in the Bible was, 'Let there be light'. His word of power brought into being our sun, that great ball of fire, 866,000 miles in diameter, with a temperature of 72,000,000 degrees Fahrenheit at its centre, and maintaining its heat and light by a continual process of atomic fusion. This mammoth furnace radiates energy at the rate of fifty horsepower per square inch, to support natural life on our earth.

"Greater than the sun is the Creator of the sun. 'Dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto,' God is the source of spiritual light and it is reasonable that He would wish to let this light shine among men. Early in the history of man there is the promise that 'there shall come a star out of Jacob,' and later on we read: 'The people who sat in darkness have seen a great light, and for those who sat in the region and shadow of death, light

The audience was listening intently, and the officer continued: "As the spring reveals the accumulated grime on the window pane, so the light from Heaven lays bare man's deep need for spiritual cleansing. As the light will show us where to walk safely, even in difficult places, so they who walk with Jesus will journey without fear.

"In old, heathen days men celebrated the festival of the returning sun, now we observe the advent of the 'Sun of Righteousness', risen with healing in His wings."

The Captain concluded his message by stating that, as heat was the source of light, so the fervent love of God was the source from which came the illumination of men's hearts.

As the Browns were going home after the meeting Mrs. Brown declared, "I can certainly tell Carol much more about the Christmas light now."

Philip answered: "That is what we are to do-tell others. Another (Continued on page 18)

PAGE SIX

Saluting The Happy Morn

A Carolling Incident On The Actual Day Of Days

THERE was a time when carolling on Christmas morning was an accepted thing. Salvationists still engage in it in some places, but it is not so prevalent as once it was. Yet there was something unique and thrilling about it. Sacrifice always repays the one who surrenders, and the fun we missed by leaving the rest of the family amidst their presents, and the children playing with their toys, and venturing forth into the wintry weather, was more than repaid by the joy of "saluting the Happy Morn" in the best of ways -- by sounding forth the story of Redeeming Love by means of the old, sweet carols.

In all of these Yuletide-morn ventures, the one I spent at Wychwood,

the hall about nine o'clock Christmas morning.

We were well muffled in greatcoats and scarves, feet shod with galoshes, for Toronto was not the "banana-belt" it seems to be today; winters were really winters then. I was a little puzzled by the addition of two or three children, sons or daughters of the bandsmen. Usually, carolling was only engaged in by the adults, for it is stern work. Later on, the purpose of their presence was revealed.

The officer offered a word of prayer, asking God to set His seal on our efforts, the bandmaster said: "R.J. first!" and we bustled out of the hall and up Vaughan Road, thrilling to the razor-sharp tang of the air, and the brilliant sunshine



SNAPPED DURING the annual SNAPPED DURING the annual mass morning visit of the Wychwood Band to ARDWOLD (in 1916) are Sir John and Lady Eaton, with the department ady Eaton, with the depa store's famous Santa Claus.

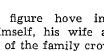
EDITOR THE

a part of Toronto-provided the most vivid memories. We serenaded all and sundry before Christmas, but we reserved the "cream" for Christmas morning. As the assistant officer of the corps and one of the band's trombonists, I had been acquainted with the unusual nature of this occasion, and it was with an undercurrent of excitement that I assembled with the serenaders at sparkling on the snow. The bandsmen were in a jolly mood, and we caught many an inquisitive face peeping out of the windows of the nearby houses, to see what was the meaning of bursts of laughter.

On St. Clair and Bathurst (where now stands the modern Midtown Carcleaning establishment) stood an old-fashioned, two-storied house in its own grounds—the home of the

head of the street railway, Mr. R. J. Fleming. We pushed through the gates, gathered in a circle on the snow-covered lawn (the children and a few sisters standing by) and struck up softly, "Christians Awake, salute the happy morn",

For a few moments the only signs from within were the fluttering of the drapes at the large french windows, then the door opened, and a

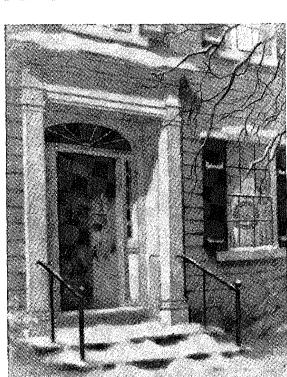


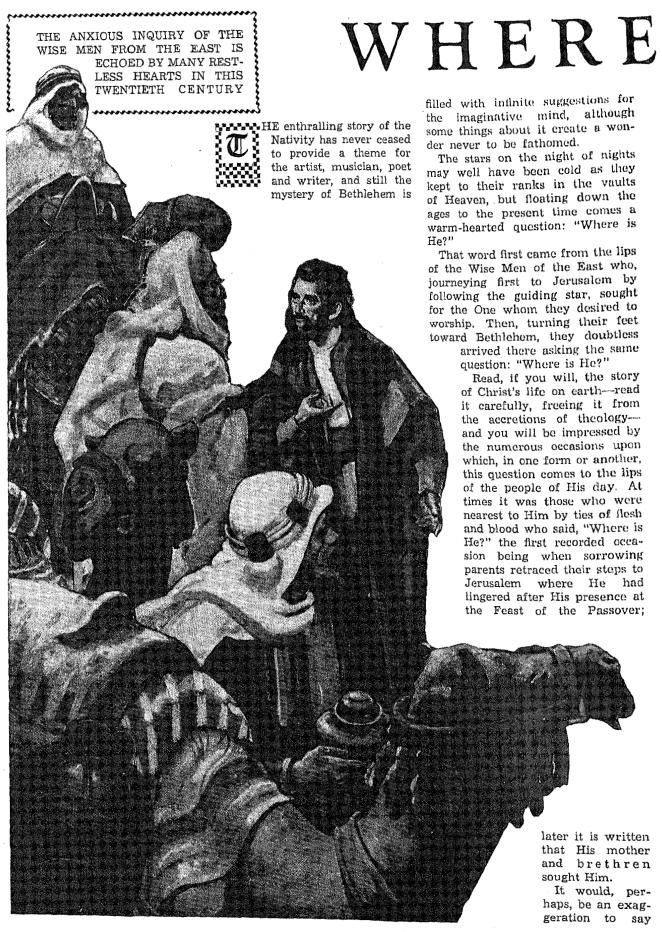
dignified figure hove in view --"R.J." himself, his wife and other members of the family crowding behind him. I can see him now-in his wing-collar and morning coat, his gold watch-chain festooning the front of his waistcoat. As soon as we had stopped playing, he called out heartily, "Merry Christmas, boys", and a jingling sound arose as he fished in his vest pocket. One of the sisters extended her box, and he dropped into it, with a musical clink, five gold coins. (Yes, gold was legal tender in those days!)

A few more tunes, a volley of "God bless you's" and "Merry Christmases", and we were off. "Have to hurry, boys! Got a lot of ground to cover", urged the bandmaster, and we shuffled eagerly along through the snow (no cars in those days) turning east along St. Clair until we reached Spadina. Then we went south, and five minutes' walk brought us to Ardwold, the palatial residence of the head of the T.

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IS HE?

that the whole world went out to seek Him, and although one might wish that it were true, nevertheless, the Greeks who sought Him on one occasion were symbolic of the great Gentile world which He came to redeem.

Some tried to find Him because they were intrigued by His teaching, it being customary for inquirers after truth to seek the presence of any man who established himself as a "teacher come from God". If the common people "heard Him gladly" it must be remembered that others said, "Where is He?" only because they hoped some words that might fall from His lips could subsequently be misconstrued and He could be charged with blasphemy.

The great sorrows that human hearts bore in His day—and they were not very different from the sorrows borne today—and which were occasioned by poverty, fear and suffering, undoubtedly drove the distracted multitudes to seek Him, for they hoped that when they had found Him He would display His miraculous healing touch.

Even after His death the question was not silenced for, in the garden on the Resurrection morning, was heard the anguished cry, "Where is He?" from a woman who had loved Him. "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him," she said.

In reading of these and other occasions during His earthly sojourn to ask, "Where is He?"
We delight to know that
He was found by the
Wise Men. We picture
Him in His growing
years restored to His
loving parents. We think

of Him as a young Galilean peasant, sitting often on the hillside in the bright sunshine of the Eastern summer day, a central figure, surrounded by men and women of like passions as ourselves and with the common hungers of the human heart, many having asked where He was and then finding Him to listen to His words. So often He reiterated His desires for these people, and would have them learn of Him.

That is surely why we must say, "Where is He?"

It can be truly said that God's love has never been more graciously manifest than in His refusal to allow even sin to quench the desire of the human heart to find Christ. Even the foulest orgies of paganism are sometimes but the reaching out after "the unknown God."

Does not the Christmas season give added opportunity, through the very remembrance of the Wise Men and their question, for generosity, forgiveness and love? However commonplace some of our actions may seem, if the whole life is prompted by divine leadings the actions can produce a sense of the nearness of Christ.

He is to be found in so many ways and places. Some find Him through acts of service and others through the display of patience. He is to be found by some in the Vale of Sorrow, where they begin to tread the path that leads them nearer to God. Some find Him at the festive board when a lonely soul is brought in to share a meal, for

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A TIMELY MEDITATION BY THE ARMYS INTERNATIONAL LEADER. Ceneral Willred Kitching

when the cry, "Where is He?" was heard, one has to acknowledge that this world would be much richer were the cry more often heard nowadays. If some are heard to ask, "Where is He?" it is usually in a tone of cynicism as though it were doubtful as to whether He could be found. Experience, however, proves that He can be found!

What better desire could men have at this season of the year than

However men may interpret His words none can expect that any figure more wonderful will ever stand on this earth's shores, or that language more beautiful will ever fall from human lips, or that of anyone else will the question be so frequently asked by the needy ones of earth: "Where is He?" In everything He did and taught and, above all, in laying down His life, He was expressing God's redeeming love.

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T is hard for folk to realize—those whose Christmas will be celebrated in a warm, comfortable home, brightened by fairy-like Christmas-trees and sparkling decorations, and made exciting by the odour of roasting turkeys and mince pies—that there are thousands of folk termed "underprivileged" who are denied these casually-accepted blessings. But it is painfully true, even in "Bounteous Canada".

Making Christmas Merry

The Salvation Army Entertains

The Army, striving to emulate Christ and His thought for the poor, brings a touch of Christmas glamour into thousands of lives. Those thus saluted at Christmas time fall into several classes, and the Army tries not to miss any of them. There are those paying the penalty of law-breaking, forgotten men and women—shut up in grim cells, deprived of their liberty.

Then there are the homeless—veritable nomads, who wander from town to town, getting a hand-out and a court order to "keep moving".

The aged—both men and women—who have no loved ones to think of them, and who are finding a haven in the Army's sunset lodges or eventide homes, are on the list.

Of course, the children must be

remembered, those who know no other home except The Nest, or The Children's Village, or one of the Army's similar places—so little like typical orphanages. The Christmas season is one long glorious pageant for the little ones, for not only do those in charge give them a good time, but outside groups vie with one another in providing treats of different kinds.

Jesus

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The drab lives of prisoners are illumined by the visit of the cheery-faced Salvationists, the music of brass or string, and by the colourful War Cry and little gift. Homeless men sit down at long tables and the festive board is not only laden with well-cooked Yule fare, but decked with Christmas colours. Usually a Salvationist band plays carols while



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For Our Big "Family"

Guests From Coast To Coast

the men eat, and a brief Bible message at the end is gratefully heard.

In the homes and hospitals, holly and tinsel glitter from picture and cornice, and the guests or patients are made to feel that the coming of

THE ROAD TO BETHLEHEM

1t's anywhere that Christ comes

And finds in people's friendly face
A welcome and abiding place.

to

'n,

The road to Bethlehem runs right through The home of folk like me and you."

To use to the smooth in most second

Jesus to the world is good reason for joy and goodwill.

Thousands of poor homes are visited prior to Christmas, and the needs of the parents and children

are sympathetically considered. This finds expression on the Day of days in a box of provisions, clothing and toys or — especially in the large cities — in a voucher that can be exchanged for whatever the possessor needs.

The fact that "Love came down at Christmas," impinges on the minds and hearts of the guests of the Army, especially during the Yule season, for it would take much more than mere human sympathy and pity to go to the lengths Salvationists go in trying to express the love that burns in their hearts—a love planted there when they knelt at the Cross and allowed Jesus to take away hatreds and selfishness.

The key-word is unselfishness, for their own feelings are set aside. Their own family celebrations must wait until those for whom they are



responsible are served. Then, and only then, are they free to enjoy their own celebration. Of course, they enjoy it much more because of having put God and others first.

Yes, the Army's vast family of orphans, widows and widowers, homeless—unwanted and forgotten, are well looked after at Christmas time, and you, dear reader, can rest assured that the gift you sent along (or dropped into the kettle at the corner) was used to good effect. May God bless you in return, and give you the happiest of Christmassel

(Left): OPENING THE PRESENTS Christmas morning creates more excitement at THE NEST, Toronto, than in an ordinary home, because there are more children — and a greater variety of them. (Bolow): At the Calgary BOOTH MEMORIAL CHILDREN'S HOME last Yuletide an elaborate spot-lighted nativity scene was set up on the front lawn of the home. The two trees seen in the photograph were each illuminated by one hundred lights, and an eight-foot wreath was hung above the front door of the home. The Gyor Club, assisted by local firemen, was responsible for this display. Much interest was created by the scene, and scores of cars stopped, while the owners took pictures.



CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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The Army Lassie's

BY DOUGLAS A. MACLENNAN

(In a Maritimes' Journal)

"God Bless You!"

E have had a gracious letter from a Salvation Army officer, thanking us for publicity we gave to his recent Red Shield Campaign. The letter ended with, "God bless you".

And that reminded me of another "God bless you" I received years ago. It was Christmas week, and we were busy at our desks in our typical newspaper office.

The phone rang. A reporter listened, then announced that a family had been found in dire circumstances. I decided to go along with him, and we located the flat where the needy folks were living in a miserable house.

Inside, lying on a pile of musty blankets and old sacking was an emaciated man. He had been unshaven for days. He was very ill. His wife was out, trying to earn some money.

In the only other room in the flat, his children were skating, in bare feet, on ice around a frozen waterpipe which had burst. The kitchen stove was out. There was no fuel.

How the human race tolerates the existence of such miserable housing, when it is clever enough to invent machines which can do arithmetical problems, is beyond us. The fact is that philosophy and social advances have not kept pace with science.

A Salvation Army lassie arrived. Without hesitation, without bothering to make out case cards or ask senseless questions, she set to work. Her humaneness, her understanding, her efficiency impressed us, and I was very touched.

I went out to get some much needed things. When I returned, she simply said, "God bless you".

That, I suspect, was the nicest Christmas present I had ever had, apart from that smile of hers.

Every Christmas, since then, I have remembered that lassie in her bonnet, her saintly, pale, unpainted face. She was so radiant, so compassionate.

Many years after, I met another.



I was in the home of a well-off friend. Again, it was Christmas week. A Salvation Army lassie came to the door. My friend started to dig into his pocket. He said he was afraid he did not have much cash in his pocket. I said, in a tantalizing, provocative tone of voice: "Why not write a cheque?"

I knew he had a great heart and perhaps would remember his hard-time youth.

He did write a cheque.

"God bless you both! Merry Christmas!" said the lassie.

Again, that saintly smile on the unpainted face. We returned to our discussion of the stock market. Finally, my curiosity got the better of me. I knew him very well.

So we asked him how much his cheque was for.

"A hundred dollars", he replied laughing.

It was the nicest laugh I had ever heard,



KEEP CHRIST IN CHRISTMAS

BY 1st-LIEUTENANT BRUCE ROBERTSON

THE atmosphere of Christmas descends upon us like the pervasive fragrance of a cedar bough, sweetening all the house. Christmas is a time of beautiful associations, of lasting traditions, of pleasant emotions.

It is with a sort of nostalgic affection that we call to memory impressions gained by hearsay or reading of Christmas in another day—of Dickens' time or of grandfather's generation. We find these traditions, the feasts, the yule log, the carols all so inviting to the imagination. The ancient proceedings related to the celebration of the Nativity do most assuredly provoke an "atmosphere"—an "essence" of the festive season. Joyous events from yesterday speak to us from out of the past.

But what of today? Are we not

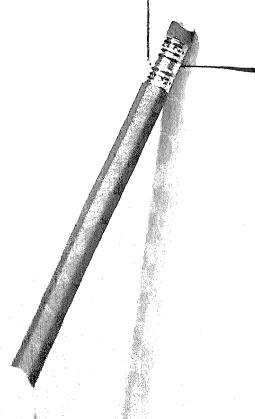
in error to hurry busily and unappreciatively by the pleasantries and the trappings which will enrich this Christmas time? Take for instance those little extras around the house—the decorations, those special foods in preparation.

Then there are the noises so closely associated with this busy time. As we hurry through the snowy streets, the chatter of busy shoppers greets our ears, the ringing of the Christmas cheer kettle bells, the carols, and the buzz and click of the electric trains in the toy department. These sounds are part of our way of life.

Then there are the feelings of Christmas — the cheery greetings and happy laughter which seem to bubble over from every heart, to echo through the frosty air in town

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CONTRITION-

Not Complacency Is The Season's Need

OR most of us, Christmas that I discovered Christmas was not revives nostalgic memories of childhood. How well I recall learning the nursery rhyme about that intrepid and adventuresome young fellow, Little Jack Horner! Just why he should sit in a corner to perform his exploit was something my childish mind could never fathom. Was he fearful of detection? Probably he was of a retiring and modest disposition, as befits heroes. At any rate, he had the daring to defy convention. He was not satisfied with a prosaic approach to the problem of consuming his pie. He made an audacious break-through; he thrust his

made for "good little boys." It was made for bad boys and bad men and women. Jesus came not to save the righteous but sinners! Thus my theology began to catch up with the facts of life.

Recent breaks-through in human knowledge make Jack Horner's exploit look feeble indeed. And we mighty moderns are inclined to gloat over the "plums" our scientists have plucked from the mysterious universe about us. Scientism has bewitched us until multitudes the world over imagine man has the answer to all his problems within his own hands. We don't need God



thumb clear past the crisp crust of his Christmas delicacy and pulled out a succulent plum! But it was the final line of the poem that invariably captured my fancy. Shall I remind you?

"Little Jack Horner sat in the corner, Eating his Christmas pie, He put in his thumb and pulled out a And said, 'What a good boy am I!'"

Now the final line implies that Christmas was made for good little boys, that the tinsel, toys and glitter and the story of the coming of Jesus were all designed for good little boys.

Actually, it was not until I reached an age of comparative maturity





CHIEF SECRETARY AND MRS. COLONEL C. WISEMAN

or Christmas. Each sits in his own corner and cries, "What a good boy am I!"

One has an uncomfortable feeling that we need to catch up again with the facts of life. With all our cleverness we are still caught in the coils of sin. With all our intelligence we are still incapable of handling ourselves. Prejudices, prides and presumptions rule us. Every new out-push of progress spawns its own progeny of peril.

So we should not sit back and gloat, "What a good boy am I!" Christmas calls for penitence, for humility, for surrender to the claims of Christ who came to show us the true meaning of life.

After all, what greater breakthrough has Time witnessed than the Christmas break - through? Imagination staggers before the fact of God's entry into the human predicament in the Person of the Babe of Bethlehem, who grew amongst us and died to save us, sharing our shame and sin. Truly Christmas should be a day of contrition as well as gaiety, of confession and faith as well as gladness! For through faith in Christ, the Lord, comes power



over iniquity, lifting men to the holy level of sons of God! "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth . . . as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."

Keep Christ In Christmas

(Continued from page 12) and country, bringing a very real spirit of benevolence and goodwill. Surely, the Greatest Gift of all time has made a lasting mark upon our world.

Nor will we, occupied as we are with many things, relegate into the background of tradition and characteristic celebration the Christ whose advent is the true meaning of this season, whose personal coming to this world of ours speaks of a love so gigantic as to be incomprehensible to us. Do you know, do you love, do you serve this Christ of Christmastime? If not, you are missing the sweetest blessings of the festive season.

FOLLOW THE STAR

HEY followed the star o'er ways grim and lonely, And found at the end a Babe and a shrine;

Oh, seek for THY star, and follow it only 'Twill lead you to Jesus, and glory divine! — H.P.W.

PAGE THIRTEEN

CHRISTMAS NUMBER





"ANGEL

LANE"



THE streets were dim in the grey dusk of a dull December day; only the needful lights in the stores were burning in this Canadian town.

Then-a sudden flash, and lo! all the roseate hues of a myriad rainbows flashed and sparkled on all sides!

In the centre of the three main intersections, tall trees gleamed and glowed from the topmost twig almost to the ground; lovely street lamps cast a colourful radiance down the blocks, with their gay coverings of rose, blue, gold, topaz, green, orchid and red. The store windows glittered with snow and tinsel and gay gifts galore.

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

IKE a burst of sunshine piercing ...clouds of grey
Sounds the song of Christmas in a world astray;

Streaming through the darkness of a night of fear .

Sounding out the message - loyous, strong and clear -Right across the heavens, like a flag un-

Telling that the Father still controls the

Banishing forever faithless, timid gloom, And the hopeless feeling of impending Sweet and sane the message, winging

through the years:
"GOOD SHALL CONQUER EVIL: CAST AWAY YOUR FEARSI" - H.P.W.

Late in the evening we cleaned the floors of the florist's shop, where, on every hand, were the manifold tokens of a Father's wondrous love!

Such a wealth of beauty; gorgeous-hued poinsettias; dainty, lovely African violets; begonias of every size, from palest pink to deepest red -a riot of colour and bloom. Cyclamen—here a pale blush-rose; there a ruby-red; and over there a sumptuous beauty flaunts petals as

frothily frilled as a debutante's dance-frock.

Jerusalem cherry, pot after potsuch delicious globes of gay red beauty in their soft green beds! Christmas trees—a-sparkle with silver, or with gaily-decorated green boughs; wreaths, real and artificial, with luscious red satin bows; the most exquisite tiny flower-pots, in delicate pastel tints.

As we scrub we whisper: "Marvellous are Thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well!"

There are no azaleas this year. Our thoughts go back over the years to the conservatories at Ardwold when Sir John Eaton was living. In one section there were over 1,000 of these lovely, lovely plants, ranged tier upon tier, from floor to ceiling.

Next door, in the big post office, the "posties" and clerks are working late, and so hard, for this is the season when the world celebrates the birth of a wondrous Baby, who lay in the arms of His girl-mother-just as any other baby-yet was God Incarnate, and millions of greeting cards commemorate the fact, while thousands of presents symbolize God's gift to mankind.

"Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins". Hallelujah!



HERE'S A



HOW quickly the face lights up and the eyes shine at the announcement, "Here's a gift for you!'

A dainty toy, perhaps, of pink or blue. How readily the little hands reach out and clutch it when the mother offers it.

"Here's a gift for you!" A dolly! And the little miss, with shining eyes and dimpled cheek, gathers into her embrace this baby makebelieve. No hesitancy in her response.
"Here's a gift for you!" A ball

or bat or skates! How eagerly it is received. The boy lets out a lusty shout and hurries to the park to try it out.
"Here's a gift for you!" A bit of

candy or a book or some roses. But the look of sheer delight upon the face of relative or friend more

than repays you for all it cost. Everyone will gladly accept a gift—or will they?

For more than nineteen hundred years the Word of God has sounded forth to one and all this message:
"Here's a Gift for you!" The gift
is eternal life, and it is offered by
God's own Son. Have you accepted
this greatest of all gifts?

Can you will you show the in

Can you, will you show the ingratitude of refusing to accept His Gift when God, in tones of love unspeakable, calls out to your soul "Here's a Gift for you?" Will you not accept the gift?

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The gift is for you. Receive it now!—L. B. Galloway

PAGE FOURTEEN

The Lad With The Lamp
Whose Thoughtfulness "Boomeranged" Profitably

T was the Saturday night before Christmas in a London suburb, and the bandsmen were trying to see their Christmas carol music by the aid of street lamps and light from shop windows. A lad of about thirteen summers, accompanied by an elder sister and a younger sister, came up. The lad, who was carrying an old oil-lit cycle lamp, offered his services to assist the bandsmen to see better by holding the lamp to the music for them.

The writer became interested in the trio, and asked the lad what they were doing in this particular neighbourhood, it being evident they had come from a poorer district.

The lad's story was as follows: "We are out singing carols to get some money because dad and a baby sister are ill, and we want money for our Christmas dinner."

His story appealed to me, and after we had taken up our usual openair collection I told it to the people who had gathered around us, and made a special appeal on behalf of the family, with the result that about seven shillings and sixpence (equivalent then to about \$2.00)

was collected and given them to take home. I made a note of their address and invited the trio to our Sunday meetings. On the Sunday night all three came to the penitent-form. On the Monday I visited the home and found a sad state of affairs brought about through illness and unemployment. That same evening, while passing a butcher's shop, I felt led to enter and ask for a Christmas roast for the poor family. The manager promptly responded to my request.

TIMELY AID

The lad offered his services to assist the bandsmen to see better by holding his cyclelamp.

On my way home I called on a Salvationist family. The father passed a jocular remark about the roast I was carrying. I then related my story, and the good wife, with a

true mother's heart, added her gifts to the butcher's. Upon arrival home my wife also made up a parcel of good things, so that night I became a real Father Christmas.



SALUTING THE HAPPY MORN



Eaton Company (department store), Sir John Eaton. Again we formed a circle and struck up our opening theme. This time, the door opened immediately and out shot the best Santa Claus I'd ever seen—a bulky yet spritely figure, clad in a furtrimmed suit of crimson velvet. He was giving vent to peals of laughter, and whirling a rattle. Then I saw the reason for the presence of the children. They had heard of this colourful event!

At a more leisurely pace, Sir John and Lady Eaton came out, smiling, and invited us all in. Off came our galoshes, which made quite a pile in the roomy porch. Then we crowded into a spacious hallway, and we

(Continued from page 7)

grown-ups stood as entranced as the children at the sight of a tall Christmas tree, which rose majestically alongside the massive staircase that wound its way to the upper regions.

Lady Eaton graciously welcomed us, and asked us to play and sing carols, she and Sir John (and some of their household) joining in. Then the children were made glad by the gift of a huge Christmas stocking, packed with goodies, while every bandsman and collector received a large orange. Another satisfying chinking of coins showed that the Army's needs had not been forgotten

Back along Spadina and up to St. Clair again. This time we had quite

a march to reach Avenue Road, and the home of Mr. Grace. Again (after a session of carols on the lawn) we were invited in and, in the front room, this silvery-haired gentleman and his lady invited us to partake of dainty cups of coffee and mince pies. There may have been other calls that memorable morning, but if so I have forgotten them. By noon we were back at the hall again, happy as sandboys in the knowledge that we had done our duty. Moreover, we were ravenously hungry, and never did roast turkey taste so good as on those mornings when we braved the elements and went forth serenading. Try it yourselves this Christmas!

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

PAGE FIFTEEN



Christmas dinner," said the big man slowly, with deep feeling. "I left home and never went back. Figured nobody wanted me."

Twenty-five years without Christmas dinner! But none of us doubted it. His words were too unstudied. too obviously sincere. Besides, most of his hearers could have denied it, had it been untrue. They knew Pete. the Swede, as he is known along every skid-row from coast to coast in Canada, and they knew he was not exaggerating. Some of them had caroused with him, drunk with him, time and again. Probably all of them had crossed his path sometime during those twenty-five years. Even on Queen Street West or at the corner of Cordova and Carrall, Pete was a man to remember.

We were at the Christmas converts' dinner — Pete and a score of other men, the converts, and I their guest. The hostel basement-chapel had been re-arranged as a dining hall for the occasion, and the food was delicious. Now the meal was finished, and the Captain called for testimonies. Pete was one of the first on his feet.

"Yes, men," he was saying, the Scandinavian accent adding colour to his gripping story, "for twenty-five years I roamed the earth a wanderer and a vagabond." Tears were flowing freely; those dark, hungry, awful years were being relived as he spoke. Pete looked up and continued. "Christ stopped me

lived as he spoke. Pete looked up and continued. "Christ stopped me and saved me," he declared. "Two days ago I sat down with my brother and his wife at their home in the north of the city, and ate Christ-

No Christmas For Years

By Captain E. Read, Chilliwack, B.C.

mas dinner with them." Joy transfigured his face; gratitude trembled in his voice; every word carried the conviction of reality.

It had not been long, the Captain told me, since Pete had come in ragged and bleary-eyed. Conversion had made a remarkable and immediate change. With new clothes and new confidence, he had secured a job at his old trade, carpentering. Most amazing to him, his employer was his own brother, the brother who had always been ashamed of him. Pete had even had the privilege of kneeling with the family in their living room, and leading them all in prayer.

Twenty-five years, I thought. Twenty-five years without care or comforts. A quarter of a century without love, without Christmas, without God! And Pete was not the only man of whom that was true. With the exception of one or two at the head table, that was the story

of every man there—a few years less in some instances, in others, perhaps many more.

What right had I to be depressed, to pity myself because I could not get home for Christmas? These men, and the plight of the other thousands they represented, shamed me. Theirs was homelessness and heartache beside which my seasonal homesickness was a mere fleabite.

The way of the transgressor is hard, creating unbreakable habits, like chains; despair, hunger, cold, insatiable cravings. Then a bowl of soup at an Army meeting. The Army Captain, his guitar and his heart-warming songs; God, right here in the hostel chapel. The penitent-form, eager prayer. A change, almost too good to be true, but demonstrably real. Salvation, sobriety, and a real festive dinner—turkey and all the trimmings! Thank God for Christ and Christmas!

WHERE IS HE?

(Continued from page 9)

His own Word is eternally true: "I was an hungred and ye gave Me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took Me in: Naked, and ye clothed Me: I was sick, and ye visited Me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me" (Matthew 25: 35, 36).

The picture of the Nativity and the question of the Wise Men: "Where is He?" hangs not in the gallery of history alone, but in the gallery of life. It presents itself as a challenge on every Christmas Day—at times as a reproach and sometimes as an inspiration. It is an indisputable fact that the picture is not finished, for every year new worshippers and new inquirers join the company.

The weary steps of men still turn toward Bethlehem, for only there do we discover the things that belong to our peace. To inquire for Christ and then to find Him and accept all that He offers is the sole remedy for the healing of broken hearts as well as for the healing of the nations.

It was the purpose of God that men should find Him through

Christ. Man's first reaction to his own sins is to flee from Christ, but God's reaction to man's sin is to draw near to Man in love that He might be found of Him through Christ.

Sometimes He will be found in memory, which He will revive lest Man should forget Him, and who can say how often those Wise Men recalled the reward of their questioning?

Sometimes He will be found in the intellect, therein to enlighten it and to reveal mysteries hidden to those who never seek Him.

Sometimes He will be found in the will when it is awakened and mounts up toward the holiest things of life.

Above all—and I thank God I know it by experience—He will be found in the human heart when that heart is yielded to Him.

"WHERE IS HE?" No longer lying as a Babe in a Bethlehem cave, but standing at your side. Turn now to Him for just that which your heart most needs, for in seeking you shall find.

PAGE SIXTEEN

The Reward of

True Giving

AVE you noticed how many people give anonymously during the festive season? Watch them as they drop money into a Christmas kettle! Do they stop and ask for a receipt? No, they are glad to give!

Last Christmas I had an eyeopening experience as family welfare officer at divisional headquarters. I was amazed at the many persons who brought all sorts of things for distribution to the poor and needy. "Do you wish to leave gifts from them, because we know they will be tokens of affection.

The principle of giving is essentially Christian. We read in the Bible: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." Matthew records that Christ came to earth "to give Himself a ransom for many." Paul wrote: "He gave Himself for our sins," and he testified, "I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."



your name?" I would ask. A shake of the head, a smile, and a "Merry Christmas", and off they would go. These kind people did not want my praise, or my thanks. They had the reward of all true givers — inward joy and satisfaction.

I remember with gratitude the people who brought hampers, toys, clothing or even Christmas cards "for some lonely old person." They were content to leave their gifts with the Army, knowing we would distribute them in the best way to those in need.

Mutual giving is a part of Christmas. We give to members of our family and to our best friends. This is planned giving—something we think about, wondering how best we can please those whom we love, trying to imagine what their wishes are. We look forward to receiving

Christ came to give His people deliverance from sin, to redeem them from the power of evil, to pardon them, and to bestow peace. This was planned giving! At the birth of Jesus, angels gave a paean of praise as they heralded the news of the birth of the Saviour. The shepherds gave their hearts in adoration. Later, wise men came from the east and brought their gifts.

Christmas giving is a privilege. Christ gave Himself for us, and we give ourselves in glad surrender—that is the Christmas spirit! Most people have a little of it during the holy season. For awhile self is forgotten in the desire to make others happy. So, in the aura of the Christmas spirit, we share our blessings, scatter kind words of greeting, throw about our smiles, and enjoy ourselves! During these days we



are reunited in spirit with distant loved ones as tokens of affection, and messages of love cross miles and span oceans.

But, we should remember that the message the angels gave to the world, "Goodwill toward men", was not for Christmas only - but for every day of every year. True Christians have the Christmas spirit every day-the spirit of concern for the well-being of others-the desire "to spend and be spent" in service for Christ. It is sharing one's blessings with the less fortunate; it is the wish to impart hope, to encourage the downhearted, to strengthen the weak in faith, in the Spirit of Jesus, "who went about doing good." This is well expressed in the words of John, "We love Him, because He first loved us." There is an element of compulsion here. Christ has a claim upon our lives. because He has redeemed us. We know what Paul meant when he wrote, "The love of Christ constraineth us."

It may be that, during this Christmastide, Christ is pressing His claims upon you. Through the ages the compelling words have rung out, "Give Me thy heart." May your answer be.

"I have not much to give Thee, Lord, For that great love which made Thee mine; I have not much to give Thee, Lord, But all I have is Thine."

God of all goodness grant us to desire ardently, to seek wisely, to know surely, and to accomplish perfectly, Thy holy will, for the glory of Thy name. — Thomas Aquinas.

FORGOTTEN AT CHRISTMAS TIME

(Continued from page 4)

supplied with what is needful for the holiday season.

But there is One who is often forgotten at Yuletide. He who has the greatest claim to the warmest welcome and the chief place of honour in every heart and home is neglected, or met with the same words as of old—"no room". The bells, the decorations, the crowds of happy shoppers, the carol-singing suggest to many minds the parties,

the presents and the good times they expect to enjoy, but there is no thought of Jesus.

By this attitude many are missing the deepest thrill of the Christmas season. By forgetting Christ, they are experiencing only the superficial enjoyment, the tinsel glitter, which speedily fades away. To realize the best we must, with the shepherds of old, come and adore Him. Will you remember Him?

PAGE SEVENTEEN

CHRISTMAS NUMBER





went the word: "We are planning a service in this hall on Christmas Day. It will be short, beginning at 10.30 a.m. Come as families and sing the great old carols; hear again the Christmas story. Don't tear the children away from the wonders they have just found under the Christmas tree. Let them

THE officer had an idea. Out bring a favourite new toy with them. Their joy is part of the greater joy of the day."

Ten-thirty Christmas morning found the "old faithfuls" in the hall. Right on time the service started. "O come all ye faithful," so they sang. Then it happened. People began to stream in, not in ones or twos, but in whole families. Fathers,

mothers and children down to the littlest one soon filled every seat. The volume of song rose. "O come let us adore Him." Dolls, airplanes, cars, teddy bears, even a drum and a music box arrived, clutched in triumphant little hands.

It was not the quietest service you ever heard, but it was one of the happiest. All the little ones sang together, "Away in a manger." The well-known carols followed each other. It was a good thing people did not need song books for there were not enough to go round. A short story for the little ones, the beloved story from the Bible, prayer, and it was over.

Out they streamed in the snow and sunshine. "Merry Christmas" they called to each other. Christmas thanksgiving was written on every face. They had adored Him. Christmas was truly God's greatest Gift.

A Cosmic Event

THE birth of Christ is a cosmic event. Since creation nothing ever happened to equal it. The Incarnation of our Lord is a mighty act of God for our ever-lasting good. God has kept His word; He has broken into history; He has ushered in the new and final age of grace. The Eternal has entered into time, the Holy One has stooped to identify Himself with lost and sinful humanity, the Lord of all has made Himself servant of all. God has become Man. O my soul, stand in awe and sin not. Fall at His feet and worship Him. Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker and Redeemer.

THE WAR CRY

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Carolling at "The Towers"

(Continued from page 3)

Leslie said nothing, but waited for him to continue. When he did so, his voice was firm and confident. "But, my word, I won't do it. I'll stay here and, what's more, I'll bring the place back to what it once was." Turning to Leslie again, he said, with a happy laugh, "Do you think The Salvation Army would hold their garden party here next year?"

"Oh, sir," said Leslie, all excited, "they'll be delighted!"

That evening the singing company made a detour and included The Towers in their plan of carolling. Colonel Ashton, with his housekeeper and her husband, stood on the porch listening to the carols, and whilst the Colonel must certainly have recalled similar occasions when his loved ones had stood by his side, his face showed no signs of sadness. This reminder of bygone days only strengthened his resolve that the coming months should see great alterations at The Towers.

That spring Leslie watched with interest the workmen busily renovating Ashton's house and gardens. How glad he was that he hadn't pushed

the telegram under the door on that Christmas-eve. And Colonel Ashton, busy with his many plans of bringing happiness to others, found a happiness that a few months previously he had thought impossible.

The Young Soldier, London

The Queen Challenges Youth

In her Christmas broadcast message, the Queen said, among other things: "Above all, we must keep alive that courageous spirit of adventure that is the finest quality of youth: and by youth I do not just mean those who are young in years, I mean, too, all those who are young in heart, no matter how old they may be."

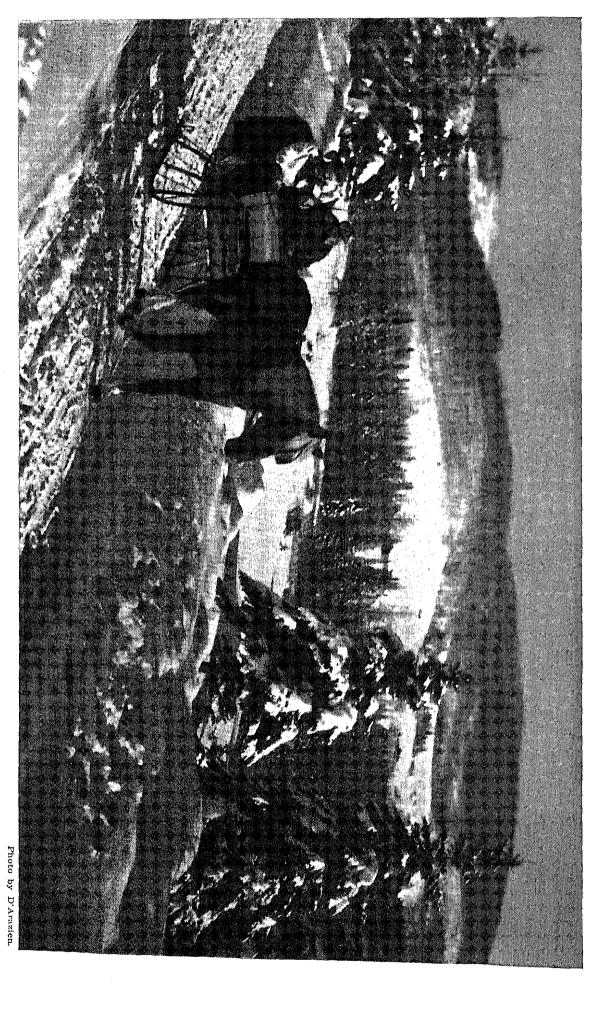
THE WONDER OF LIGHT

(Continued from page 6) verse of Scripture has just come to my mind. 'Ye are the light of the world', not only are we to seek the light for ourselves, and to walk in the light as He is in the light, but we are to reflect the light so that others may find Him."

Reader, we invite you to let Jesus live in your heart and, reflecting His glory, be a witness to others.

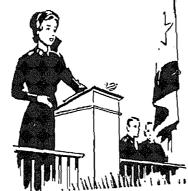
PAGE EIGHTEEN





A Christmas Day spin. With the sleigh-bells jingling merrily, what better than a ride in a cutter on a crisp, Canadian winter's day?

THE YOUNG women officers conducted meetings on Christ-mas Sunday, and did not reveal their plight.



IT was the first time the Lieutenant had spent Christmas away from home. Had the corps at which she was stationed been farther away it would not have seemed quite so hard, but both she and her Captain were within reasonable travelling distance of their homes. However, the Day of days that year fell on a Monday, and the divisional commander had sent word that no officer was to leave his or her corps.

"Oh, well, 'Leff,'" said her Captain, it won't be too bad; the folk here are all good to us, and I'm sure my Mum will send a parcel from home."

"Oh, yes," replied the Lieutenant, "mine too!"

So they went about their daily work-but with one eye on the

FORGOTTEN AT CHRISTMAS TIME

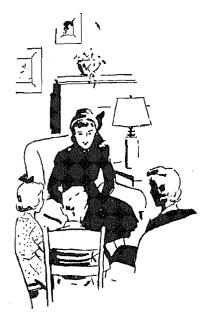
BY MRS. DAVE GILLARD, Sr., **Toronto**

mails, it must be freely confessed. On Saturday, the day before Christmas Eve, nothing had arrived; the last mail was in and no parcel. Worse still, there was no invitation from anyone! The folks had expected the girls to go to their own homes. The local doctor did send a basket of fruit, which was the only sign of Christmas cheer coming their way. Even had they possessed sufficient funds to buy the traditional Christmas fare it hardly seemed worth while, especially as there was Sunday ahead, still with the probability of a pleasant invitation.

"We'll have an orange and an apple, anyway," they condoled each other, laughingly, and left it at that.

The three Sunday meetings came and went, then the good wishes, the "Merry Christmases", and the "good nights". Christmas Eve was overand still no invitation!

The Captain and Lieutenant decided to deliver their greeting cards personally on Christmas morning



THEY VISITED the homes of the cele-brants, but no one thought to invite them to share in the good things.

to their comrades, in order that they might give a word of greeting to each. Quite early they set out, on foot; they didn't own a car, and they revelled in the frosty air and the snowy scene.

How good the odors of Christmas cooking seemed in the homes they entered! What lovely times the folk were having! How kind were their greetings and good wishes! But no invitation! After the cards were all delivered the girls went home to a dinner of "leftovers", mixed with considerable laughter and, perhaps, a suspicion of tears. There was some consternation and much apologizing when it accidentally became known that no one had taken care of the officers' festivities. Each comrade had been so sure that some one else would invite them.

Of course, it didn't really matter. Christmas, to the Christian, is not a matter of eating and drinking, social activities, of giving and getting. It means the Advent of Jesus-the Prince of Peace, the King of Glory. He came to Bethlehem, a meek and lowly Babe, to be our Saviour. "Though He was rich, for your sakes He became poor, that ye, through His poverty, might be rich". At Christmas we welcome and adore the Saviour of the world.

Few people are forgotten at Christmas-time nowadays. It has become the accepted thing for folks to seek out the poor, the needy, and the lonely, and see that they are

(Continued on page 17)

STAR OF THE ORIENT

(A legend from China tells of the appearance of a star which would have led wise men to Christ, only they turned aside and found an earthly prince instead.)

of a star
That appeared lustrous, brilliant STRANGE tale tradition records, 'Twas seen by astrologers, viewing the And the star caused dismay

As it moved slowly by.

They followed . . . the unerring light westward led. "This star hails the birth of a new prince" they said. The way fraught with danger Crossed river and plain, It brought them at length To a foreign domain.

'Twas here a great sage of renown had been born "Tis He," cried the wise men, now weary and worn Forsaking the bright star, their homage to pay, They thoughtlessly turned from the Bethlehem way.

Oh evil deception, both cunning and base. O subtle expedient for God's saving grace. A new prince was found, wondrous morals he gave

But no blood for cleansing, No power to save.

Retracing their steps to the land of their birth. They carried no Saviour, no tidings of worth. They carried no blessing, no message, no light,

But only an idol, And with it, sin's blight.

Be wise! Heed the lesson, Stay close by your Guide, Since Satan's determined to draw you aside To worthless attractions, Within sin's domain. Let Christ be your Day-star

Till Heav'n you attain! JOHN WELLS, Brigadler.

PAGE FOUR

Expressive Hands

O you like the frontispiece? In some ways it makes rather a special appeal to me. I like the way the artist has dressed the shepherds in simple robes and omitted anything supernatural, such as halos over Mary and the Child. Here is the scene as it might really have been in the untidy stable, with the lowly cattle nearby, unperturbed by men who, because they are shepherds, know how to treat animals.

Is there anything that strikes you particularly as you look at the picture? I will tell you what impressed me. Here are a number of pairs of

The oldest man in the scene is the boldest. Other than Mary's, his hands are nearest the Child. What does his attitude mean? I see in it the gesture of a heart drawn out in exquisite sympathy and love. An old man's lengthy past cherishes an infant's future. "Ah," say the old man's hands, "Let me hold Him!

By The Territorial Commander, Commissioner W. Booth

hands and each has a different story to tell.

First we notice the figure of Joseph. His are hands that express worship and adoration - praying hands, folded hands, hands that recognize the presence of One above the common lot of men.

Next are the hands so tightly guarding the lamb-hands of a simple, country lad, tender and loving with the object of his care. Even in the presence of an extraordinary event, he is the careful shepherd.

CANADA'S SALVATION ARMY LEADER AND MRS. COMMISSIONER W. BOOTH



Let me protect Him! Let me care for Him!"

There are other hands in the scene—some hidden from sight, but clearly suggested-and each gives a clue to the feelings in the breast.

Every woman reader will probably look first at the hands of Mary, hands destined to give to our Lord the greatest earthly service He received. We know that Mary's hands wove the garment without seam; but how much more of loving service did these hands perform dur-

ing the thirty years spent by Jesus in the home?

Mary served with her hands throughout His lifetime. We should serve Him with our hands throughout our lifetime.

Take MY hands, and let them At the impulse of Thy love."

Finally, and almost hidden by Mary's caress, are the tiny hands of the Infant Jesus. These were the hands that were to touch the children in blessing; to bring comfort to the sorrowing; to give

health to the sick. These were the hands that would be strong in purpose, moulding an arduous life in wilderness and wayside. Though we cannot explain it, we understand the feelings of the poet: "I wish that His hands had been placed on my head."

Sacred Hands-Bound

These were the hands, alas, that were to be nailed to a Cross, outstretched in loving invitation to a sinning world; outflung to embrace redemptively all men of all agesyes, including you and, praise God,

Sacred hands of Jesus, they were bound

Wounded hands of Jesus, stretched upon a tree,

Ever interceding, mercy is their plea; Their effectual pleading brings grace

Redeeming grace to me. — A.O.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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